Aron. Sooner this ſword ſhall plow thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars ſharpe point,
That touches this my firſt borne ſonne and heire.
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow harted boyes,
Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-houſe painted ſignes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it ſcornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although ſhe laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empreſſe from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtris thus?
Aron. My miſtris is my miſtris, this my ſelfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoake for it in Rome.
Demet. By this our mother is for euer ſhamde.
Chiron. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foule eſcape.
Nurſe. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chiron. I bluſh to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron, Why theres the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the hart:
Heeres a young lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke ſlaue ſmiles vpon the father,

As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelfe blood that firſt gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you impriſoned were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeale be ſtamped in his face.
Nurſe. *Aron* what ſhall I ſay vnto the Empreſſe?
Demet. Aduiſe thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy aduiſe:
Saue thou the childe ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aron. Then ſit we downe and let vs all conſult.
My ſonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleaſure of your ſafety.
Demet. How many women ſaw this childe of his?
Aron. Why ſo braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyoneſſe,
The Ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aron* ſtormes:
But ſay againe, how many ſaw the childe?
Nurſe. *Cornelia*, the midwife and my ſelfe,
And no one elſe but the deliuered Empreſſe.
Aron. The Empreſſe, the Midwife, and your ſelfe,
Two may keepe counſell when the third's away:
Goe to the Empreſſe, tell her this I ſaid, *He kills her.*
Weeke, weeke, ſo cries a Pigge prepared to the ſpit.
Demet. What meanſt thou Aron, wherefore didſt thou this
Aron. O Lord ſir, tis a deed of pollicie,
Shall ſhe liue to betray this gilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Goſſip, no Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are: